A proper newe sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles in Suffolke, which was in the great winde vpon S. Andrewes eue last, past most pittifully burned with fire, to the losse by estimation of twentie thousande pound and vpwarde, and to the number of foure scoredwelling houses. 1586. To Wilsons tune.

WIth sobbing sighes and trickling teares
my state I doe lament
Perceiuing how Gods heauie wrath
against my sinnes is bent
Let all men viewe my woefull fall
and rue my woefull case
And learne hereby in speedy sort
repentaunce to embrace.

For late in Suffolke was I seen
to be a stately towne
Replenished with riches store
and had in great renowne
Pea planted on a pleasant soyle
so faire as heart could wish
And had my markets once a weeke
well storde with flesh and fish

A faire fresh Riuer running by
to profite me withall
who with a cristall cleered streame
about my bankes did fall
My fayres in somer wealthily
for to increase my store
My medowes greene and commons great
what could I wish for more.

But now beholde my great decay
which on a sodaine came
My sumptuous buildings burned be
by force of fires flame
A careles wretch most rude in life
his chymney set on fire
The Instrument I must confesse
of Gods most heauie ire.

The flame whereof increasing still
the blustering windes did blowe
And into diuers buildings by
dispersed it to and fro
So kindling in most grieuous sort
it waxed huge and hie
The Riuer then was frozen so
no water they could come by.

Great was the crye that then was made
among both great and small
The women wept and wrong their handes
whose goods consumed all
No helpe was found to slacke the fyre
their paines was spent in vaine
To beare their goods into the fieldes
for safegarde they were fayne.

And yet amid this great distresse
a number set their minde
To filtch and steale and beare away
so much as they could finde
Their neighbors wealth which wasted lay
about the streetes that time
They secretly conuayde away
O most accursed crime.

Thus from the morning vpne a clocke
till foure a clocke at night
Fourescore houses in Beckles towne
was burnd to ashes quite
And that which most laments my heart
the house of God I say
The Church and temple by this fyre
is cleane consumde away.

The market place and houses fayre
that stood about the same
Hath felt the force and violence
of this most fearefull flame
So that there is no christian man
but in his heart would grieue
To see the smart I did sustaine
vpon saint Andrewes eue.

Wherefore good christian people now
take warning by my fall
Liue not in strife and enuious hate
to breed each other thrall
Seeke not your neighbors lasting spoyle
by greedy sute in Lawe
Liue not in discord and debate
which doth destruction drawe.

And flatter not your selues in sinne
holde not Gods worde in scorne
Repine not at his Ministers
nor be not false forsworne
For where such vices doth remaine
Gods grace will neuer be
And in your health and happie state
haue yet some minde on me.

Whose songes is changd to sorrowes sore
my ioyes to wayling woe
My mirth to mourning sighes and grones
the which from griefe doth growe
My wealth to want and scarsetie
my pleasure into payne
All for the sinne and wickednesse
which did in me remaine.

If then you wish prosperitie
be louing meeke and kinde
Layrage and rancour cleane aside
set malice from your minde
And liue in loue and charitie
all hatefull pride detest
And so you shall with happie dayes
for euermore be blest.

And thus I ende my wofull song
beseeching God I may
Remaine a mirrour to all such
that doe in pleasure stay
And that amongest their greatest mirth
and chiefest ioye of all
They yet may haue a heart to thinke
of Beckles sodaine fall.

FINIS. T. D.

AT LONDON,
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